THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance,
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1691.

Choice Poetry.

SONG.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

Oh, bird, then dartest to the sun
When morning lemons first spring,
And I, like thee, would swiftly run,
As sweetly would I sing.

Thy burning heart doth draw thee up
Into the source of fire;
Then dividest from its glowing cup
And quenchest thy desire.

Oh, dew, thou dropest all to earth
And pracest at the ground,
Yet, when the morning comes, I know
Thou never canst be found.
I would that mine had been by birth,
Then I, without a sigh,
Might sweep the night through on the earth,
To waken in the sky.

Oh, slender, to little tender sheep,
Pastured in fields of blue,
While storm and stars your fold can keep
And guard, obeyed one!
Let me, too, follow in the train
That flocks across the night,
Or linger on the open plain
With new stars flowers white.

Oh, singing winds, that wander far
To whence soon or latter,
And finely part, I say me and more
Along the heeding dome,
I often listen to your song,
Yet never hear you say
One word of all the happy words
That shine so far away.

For they are free, as all are free,
And bird and dew and light,
Can dart upon the azure sea
And roam me to my sight.
Oh, would the dawn had been my birth,
Then I, without a sigh,
Might sweep the night through on the earth,
To waken in the sky.

Literary Gem.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE CLOUD OF CLIFTON," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Now—
Now—
Now—"

In the meeting, Mr. Hunter and her beautiful daughter sat together in the chamber that had been appropriated to them. It seemed such a pleasant apartment, that I may be pardoned for describing it. It was on the second floor of the house, and had two windows with a lofty, casious room, with four high windows—two on each end—and a door in the middle of the south side entered. These windows were heavily curtained with thin drapery, lined with dark green silk, and trimmed with cords and tassels, allowing more curtain of each lace. The hangings of the bedsteads, and the coverings of the lounging chairs and a sofa, were of the same material and color. The elegant furniture was of solid rosewood, and the floor was covered with lace, lined with blue silk. And the style of the carpet—in the form of a wreath, composed of violets, over a white ground. The dressing-closet, wardrobe, washstand, little table, were of the same rich wood, and highly finished. A few elegantly looking pictures adorned the walls, and a small looking glass stood upon the mantle-piece. A glowing coal fire, in a polished steel grate, completed the comfort of the room. The low, modern chair was drawn up to the fire, and Mrs. Hunter sat in it, with her daughter on a low ottoman close around her waist, never tired of caressing her, never weary of contemplating her, ever wishing a deeper and nearer and more endearing the joy of possessing her. Cooling her fingers through the soft, glistening tresses, the baby murmured:

"Strange, I have thought to see my boy but child, and now I have found a daughter, and perfectly true. When I first saw you, little one! when looking up from my chessboard in the Sunday-school room, I felt something in that face of yours that I could not resist, and I felt upon you, and I said to myself, 'I will be friends with that child.' And I was, and I am intimate—that was my term—that was all myself. Your eyes had the very most expressive that they had always reminded me of an infant on my bosom, when waking up from your infant slumbers you would look and open your eyes, and wonder, and then try to me with a questioning, loving, trusting look, and not knowing what it was—but something that was in the Sunday-school, I felt that they were the same eyes

Original Sketches.

FRAGMENTS OF '76.

TRANSCRIBED FOR THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF EYE-WITNESSES.

NUMBER VI.

While the British forces and their Hessian allies were in comfortable quarters, sheltered from the inclemency of the weather by substantial walls and wood fuel in the city of Philadelphia, and Washington, with his ragged-looking Continentals, was exposed to the fury of the elements in the rude and hastily constructed huts at Valley Forge, many of the inhabitants of the country, whose residence was within the camp of the patriots, although friendly to the cause of liberty, were sometimes driven, through a pressing want of many of the necessaries of life, to venture, by eluding the American sentries and outposts, to enter the city with such surplus produce of their farms as would be most acceptable to the officers and men in the enemy's ranks.

When they could succeed in carrying to the city, butter, eggs, poultry, veal, or indeed any article either of fresh or salt provision, it was purchased with avidity, and paid for in hard cash. Whereas, for the same articles sold in the American camp, they received in payment nothing but Continental currency. And this medium of exchange, even then, was depreciated much below its nominal value. Still, to do them justice, their conduct was not so much occasioned by the mere love of lucre, as by a hope of obtaining the means of paying for salt, and such other articles as long and habitual use had made more precious than money; or as the interrupted indulgence in them had rendered them, if not essential to existence, at least indispensable to the enjoyment of the common comforts of life.

The young women of that time, exhibited quite as much heroism in these attempts to procure family necessaries and comforts, as any of the other sex. Though in fact it is highly probable they did not incur as great risks as would have been encountered by their fairer and tenderer sex, as we may presume they would be treated with more indulgence.

On one occasion, a young woman had found her way in town, either by having procured as a horse from some American scout that was sent to pass the Continental outposts, or by eluding them. She had found ready sale or barter for her commodities, and was returning, her pockets heavily laden with salt and other precious things, when she was stopped by two British dragoons, who seemed to be clearly of the opinion that she was too well loaded to be permitted to continue her journey outside the city quarters. They compelled her to dismount, and very unceremoniously took her load of goods, whilst they should be engaged in making a thorough examination of the contents of her wallets.

She was, in common with all the country females of those days, a perfect adept in the equestrian art. Her father also had attained great eminence as a breeder of the best stock in the State. His knowledge in matters relative to animals of the best kind. This had enabled her to become as accurate a judge of the points of a fine race nag, for speed and bottom, as she was skilful in his management under the saddle.

While the dragoons had their attention absorbed in the examination of her items of freight her practised eyes had quickly and thoroughly scanned the two animals that had been so unceremoniously committed to her for safe keeping, and she had formed a correct judgment of their respective merits, as regarded their capabilities for speed and endurance. Unconscious of the dragoons, she found means to rest herself securely on the back of the steed to which she gave the preference, and setting the other at liberty to pursue his own inclinations, she took French leave, putting her heretofore immovably on his metal, and urging him to his utmost speed.

The cavaliers were utterly confounded at this unexpected turn of affairs. And while one was endeavoring to secure the remaining load, the other called loudly on her to stop, threatening to shoot her instantly if she did not obey his angry summons to return. But her determination seemed to supplicate her to stay her course, promising to return everything to her, and permit her to continue her journey unmolested.

She was so regardless of their threats to shoot, as she was of their promises to return to the city and return. She felt certain that the rapid motion of her mare placed her in security from their pistols, and that her steed was the equal, if not superior, of both the cavaliers' steeds; so soon enable her to pass out of sight of her journey, she had measured the other horse and was giving chase. These calculations were verified by the result. For though the man, as soon as he could recover and mount the beast, used all his energy in the pursuit, he dropped behind a fast that he was soon convinced the effort to overtake her was useless, and gave it over in despair.

How the dragoon accounted to his superiors for the loss of his steed, is unknown. But both must have felt extensively mortified at being thus overreached by a country lass, and no doubt felt small and cheap when making their report, at least if they gave a full and accurate narrative of the affair.

It my memory is correct, the Romans carried an equestrian statue in honor of some one of the young virgins, who, with others of her age and sex, daughters of some of the principal citizens, were on a certain occasion to consist of their country's enemies as hostages, for acting as escapade of contributing to their safety, by coming back into the Tyber; in which act being followed by her companions, they passed the river in safety, and rejoined their countrymen. On her service did not draw run till she reached Washington's quarters, where she delivered the horse, with all its equipments, consisting of a military saddle, bridle, holster cases, and a pair of good pistols.

The Commander-in-Chief was much surprised at her performance, and after paying many compliments to her on her self-possession and fortitude, and on the dexterity and cleverness with which she had performed a feat so extraordinary for a female, he ordered several fine pounds to be paid to her for the horse and accoutrements. The captain created much surprise, and was for some time a favorite topic of conversation, both in the army and amongst the citizens in general. In my boyhood it was in the mouths of many of the inhabitants of that part of the country, and only died very gradually away as one after another of the contemporaries of the heroine died, or seceded in the dark and narrow house, the receptacle of all that is to earth earthy.

The dragoons perhaps thought the good turn of which she had been instrumental unworthy of notice, to be sure have run off with the horse by inclination escaping at full speed—such an occasion being very likely to strike his spirit, and call forth the active exertion of his locomotive faculties. But this as it may, he found his way home on the next day, still wearing his saddle and bridle, but minus the valises and precious city commodities, to procure which had been her inducement to incur the labor and danger of the journey.

Should any of my readers be astonished at the fact of a female riding at full speed on a man's saddle, and be inclined to regard it with incredulity, I can assure such that I have seen, on various occasions, young girls mount a horse that might be standing equipped for the accommodation of a male rider, and gallop in part sport forth and back the length of a long turnpike, until tired because weary of the exercise, without regarding such performances either as extraordinary or hazardous.

UNCLE WILLIE.

---

* Her name was Tacy Richardson.

TARRIER ACCIDENT.—Cobbett, in his paper, once told the following story of the American:

"—I am for American Independence; but with a navy fit to meet us in war, without more seamen than is made by bailing-boats more, when they got into a country or engaged. These Yankees have an education wonderfully well calculated to make them seamen in the event of war. I never saw one of them in my life, man or boy, almost at any living thing without toiling it. A Yankee cannot drive his gig at anything, nearly but he made a calculation of the value of the thing, and if that value does not exceed the value of the powder and the shot, the gun remains with the charge in it until something presents itself of value surpassing that of the charge. Everything is useless, and gets rot, rust, and other things: the land itself, they say, must cease the number of shot they put into the gun, and will put in more than they think the carriage of the animal will pay for, having a good pride."

A waggish fellow somewhat troubled with an impediment in his speech, whose quips and quibbles have been rehished by many of us, while one day sitting at a public table, had occasion to use a pepper-box. After shaking it with all due vehemence, and turning it in various ways, he found that the pepper was in needless incident to come forth, and he exclaimed, with a facetious grin: "I this pepp-per is something bidbid itself." "Why no!" interrogated a neighbor. "It has a pe-pe-pepper-dodge, I say," was the reply.

CAPTAIN ISEMBART.—A Paris correspondent of the Cincinnati Atlas says:

"I learned to-day from a junior officer of the 3d Regiment of Zouaves, who is on his way home with his wife, and children, on furlough, some very particulars concerning the conduct of Capt. Isembart. It appears that Capt. Captain acted very differently from what I originally stated, and that he was not guilty of cowardice in the face of the enemy. He was, however, when called to account for his conduct before various courts and double dismissed, he insisted on appearing at each, and was finally restored to his command. He was killed at Solferino, and his men until Kosuta was delivered up, he seemed furious for the fight. All his orders in getting the steamers would give the Austrians, would on danger him too much; and so he intended first to fire a broadside, and then, instead of at once engaging the Austrian frigate, attack them fore and aft, and board her, vessel in hand. This was all bravado. There is nothing in vessels, he would be safe enough; without that manœuvre, the steamers would have run the vessels. He had previously cast his anchor across the stern of the Austrian frigate, so as to hold it in position to facilitate the quick movements which he intended to make in boarding. The Austrians, looking for the aid of their consorts, would have made a bloody struggle on the deck of their frigate."

DAVID AND THE PSALMS.—What a view of his influence is given by thinking of the hosts who have moved by his Psalms in a year, or a month, or a single day! If it be said that the power expressed in never lost, and the vibrations of every word ring eternally through the all-pervading air. If, too, be the existence that dwells in the tones of the Hebrew harp and the words of the Hebrew minstrel. Can it be true, we ask, hear, the whole Psalter is many times repeated by men, and the whole earth thus rings with the soul's immortal chants. Could he listen to the sounds that are borne on the winds of the winter's storm, or spread, when the sunshine is broken by shippers or solitary devotees. Let the strain linger, when she was stopped by the British troops, north continually, when drums shall beat and cannons sound no more. Let the strain continue, when the last tear falls on the world's mourners, and vesper, monday, midnight hymn. And every succeeding note be the echo of the last, and lose it on the everlasting current of vibration:

"Bless not the Lord the glory due to His name
Worship the beauty of holiness
—Rev. S. Osgood, D. D.

PROPOSALS FOR AN ISLAND-STAR.—The interior of Australia—as barren nearly desert—has been found to be comparatively small, and of little value. It is now proposed to employ British controlling a narrow canal in Darien, to cut to the desert, a distance of about 200 miles, where it is expected that the rush of water would be so great as to wash the canal, and thus the formation of an island as almost as large as Australia would be created. The cost would be much of a vast extent of territory, of almost wholly useless.

A SORT OF GENTLEMAN.—Mr. Child, the banker, desiring to hire a valet, one of those pretty pampered himself, and inquired what were Mr. Child allowed at the second table? "Port and sherry," replied Mr. Child. "I like a glass of Madeira, sir," retorted the valet. "Why," said Mr. Child, "there is the carter of the parish here cannot afford himself a glass of wine any sort." "Ah," replied the valet, shrugging his shoulders, "I always plied that sort of gentleman."

Clippings.

—How much corn does a gentleman eat?" whispered Jack.

—Why, he eats on paper up in corn."
—Ah! then, answered Jack, "he cannot be a genuine lover."

—Jack Spratt could eat no fat. His wife could eat no lean. A party last night, and was introduced to Miss P——, the handsomest girl you ever saw. In the moment your back is turned she will be making faces at your head.

—If you wish to be happy, keep busy. Idleness is harder work than ploughing, a great deal. There is more fun in sweating or hoeing than there is in yawning a century.

—One of the high comics in Ireland has just declared that a man is not dead in Dublin, who has kissed several, says: "they are dead and say not." Brown was of the same persuasion.

—Fable says, "if there is any one thing that he hates it is water." Yet we have often seen it to use a gal invariably wipe her mouth after to have kissed her." It does look suspicious, we confess.

—"John," said a prodigalgon the other day, "what's the matter with the baby?" "Why, sir, it's been eating a cent." "Well, sir, I had enough for you to have had it to-day." "Take your cent, your cannot is sufficient."

—Napoleon was a very awkward dancer. At one occasion, in the palace of the Tuileries, Countess, who could not conceal her blunder at his ridiculous postures. On leading her to her seat he remarked: "I am afraid, madame, that her horse has not so much a dancing herself as in making my others dance."

—A youth in St. Louis became so indignant because a celebrated girl took a milk-bath, that he went to the river, waded out and chopped off his head, and afterwards threw his body into the river. Some think the young man has been heard of. His friends fear he has committed suicide. We shouldn't wonder if he has heard. People have clogs—if not heads are very apt to be.

—"Now see if it can't agree with your stomach. The tree will not grow if you don't eat it."

—At Saltfleet, Canada, a young woman who had been married to a man for the space of four long years is little purpose, got sick of that sort of fun, and married a man comparatively a stranger, after only a few days' courtship. Her two sons and stood her in breach of promise. They were engaged to be married. On the wedding under their jackets, removed a cocked hat of several hats right.

—The annual income of each person in England is nearly five cents a day; in Ireland, eight; in Russia, three cents; and in the most industrious States, it is forty, and, taking the whole nation, seventeen.

—The Rochester mad case of nothing we have recently known, is that of a person in Rochester, who was arrested for stealing a pair of pants at Plymouth, on the 22nd inst. He replied that he was not going forty miles to attend a criminal case in honor of the pair of pants of foreigners.

—The first mortal wound that the devil inflicts is the cool admission that the baser motives are always preferred to the nobler;" in a word virtue and science, if it did come from the middle of a romantic love story, in a popular magazine, would be voted a bore.

—Vanity is so constantly solicitous of self, that, even when its own claims are not indirectly, it indirectly exalts the interest it shows in showing how little praise is deserved by others.

—A busy bonnet chap who wishes to sell his tatoo, advertises it as follows:—For sale, by a lovely lady, with a fringe of golden hair, a dozen and very fond of travelling—having visited New York once and Boston twice.

—Brooklyn, a little girl of St. Louis, while playing with some hands, got one of them into her mouth in an effort to get out. She could not. A surgeon of that city, by the name of Hamilton, was called in, and found that the hand in by a tea-spoon; and the consequence was that she died a few days afterwards in violent paroxysms.

—Another victim of the Sandwich Island fever has been sent from Spring, to the Worcester Asylum.

—In the Constitution of the Sandwich Islands the first article reads as follows:—"The is our Land forever." The article was shall be enacted which is at variance with the spirit of the Declaration of Rights, and the fundamental spirit of Han wood. All laws of the Island shall be in consistency with the general spirit of their laws."—See Wilke's Narrative, page 32, Vol. IV. Here is the "Higher Law" boldly proclaimed as the fundamental law of the land.

—BUCKLE'S SCOTIA.—It is stated in the London Athenæum that Mr. E. Buttery Lytton has entered into arrangements with Routledge & Co., the publishers, by which he receives from them £30,000 for the privilege of reprinting his works for ten years.

—Answering passers by to what they deem insult or continuously, appears to us undesirable. In New York, it seems, there is an especial ordinance upon the subject, which says:

"If a person shall be concerned or instrumental in collecting or promoting any assemblage of persons, without purpose of, or for public worship or exhortation, in the Park or Battery, or any of the municipal squares, or of any other ground in the City of New York, laid out and appropriated for the recreation of the people, every person shall be punished by a penalty of twenty-five dollars."

We think that this is a good regulation for public worship, but the principle of it applies equally to political meetings; and we have little doubt that the Croton would soon drive the Mayor to the assertion of the general principle, that no meetings in the public streets or public parks could be held, except by general consent, expressed or implied. For what is intended for the general use, cannot rightfully be appropriated for private purposes by a few, to the inconvenience of the many. Upon this principle, in fact, Mr. Parsons was not preaching in the street, or on any public ground, but in a ship-yard, which was private property, by the consent of the owner. And this makes all the difference between right and wrong, in the conduct of Mayor Wentzell.

The duty of the Mayor, in this juncture, is very clear. He is bound to protect the peaceful and noiseless at such meetings, in the exercise of their undoubted rights. And, because there are ruffians, slightly disposed to interrupted for private purposes by a few, to the inconvenience of the many, it does not by any means follow that Mr. Parsons was not preaching in the street, or on any public ground, but in a ship-yard, which was private property, by the consent of the owner. And this makes all the difference between right and wrong, in the conduct of Mayor Wentzell.

The duty of the Mayor, in this juncture, is very clear. He is bound to protect the peaceful and noiseless at such meetings, in the exercise of their undoubted rights. And, because there are ruffians, slightly disposed to interrupted for private purposes by a few, to the inconvenience of the many, it does not by any means follow that the latter will allow themselves to be overawed by the former. Suppose, for example, that the Austrian frigate, attack them fore and aft, and board her, vessel in hand. This was all bravado. There is nothing in vessels, he would be safe enough; without that manœuvre, the steamers would have run the vessels. He had previously cast his anchor across the stern of the Austrian frigate, so as to hold it in position to facilitate the quick movements which he intended to make in boarding. The Austrians, looking for the aid of their consorts would have made a bloody struggle on the deck of their frigate."

DAVID AND THE PSALMS.—What a view of his influence is given by thinking of the hosts who have moved by his Psalms in a year, or a month, or a single day! If it be said that the power expressed in never lost, and the vibrations of every word ring eternally through the all-pervading air. If, too, be the existence that dwells in the tones of the Hebrew harp and the words of the Hebrew minstrel. Can it be true, we ask, hear, the whole Psalter is many times repeated by men, and the whole earth thus rings with the soul's immortal chants. Could he listen to the sounds that are borne on the winds of the winter's storm, or spread, when the sunshine is broken by shippers or solitary devotees. Let the strain linger, when she was stopped by the British troops, north continually, when drums shall beat and cannons sound no more. Let the strain continue, when the last tear falls on the world's mourners, and vesper, monday, midnight hymn. And every succeeding note be the echo of the last, and lose it on the everlasting current of vibration:

"Bless not the Lord the glory due to His name
Worship the beauty of holiness
—Rev. S. Osgood, D. D.

PROPOSALS FOR AN ISLAND-STAR.—The interior of Australia—as barren nearly desert—has been found to be comparatively small, and of little value. It is now proposed to employ British controlling a narrow canal in Darien, to cut to the desert, a distance of about 200 miles, where it is expected that the rush of water would be so great as to wash the canal, and thus the formation of an island as almost as large as Australia would be created. The cost would be much of a vast extent of territory, of almost wholly useless.

A SORT OF GENTLEMAN.—Mr. Child, the banker, desiring to hire a valet, one of those pretty pampered himself, and inquired what were Mr. Child allowed at the second table? "Port and sherry," replied Mr. Child. "I like a glass of Madeira, sir," retorted the valet. "Why," said Mr. Child, "there is the carter of the parish here cannot afford himself a glass of wine any sort." "Ah," replied the valet, shrugging his shoulders, "I always plied that sort of gentleman."

Clippings.

—How much corn does a gentleman eat?" whispered Jack.

—Why, he eats on paper up in corn."
—Ah! then, answered Jack, "he cannot be a genuine lover."

—Jack Spratt could eat no fat. His wife could eat no lean. A party last night, and was introduced to Miss P——, the handsomest girl you ever saw. In the moment your back is turned she will be making faces at your head.

—If you wish to be happy, keep busy. Idleness is harder work than ploughing, a great deal. There is more fun in sweating or hoeing than there is in yawning a century.

—One of the high comics in Ireland has just declared that a man is not dead in Dublin, who has kissed several, says: "they are dead and say not." Brown was of the same persuasion.

—Fable says, "if there is any one thing that he hates it is water." Yet we have often seen it to use a gal invariably wipe her mouth after to have kissed her." It does look suspicious, we confess.

—"John," said a prodigalgon the other day, "what's the matter with the baby?" "Why, sir, it's been eating a cent." "Well, sir, I had enough for you to have had it to-day." "Take your cent, your cannot is sufficient."

—Napoleon was a very awkward dancer. At one occasion, in the palace of the Tuileries, Countess, who could not conceal her blunder at his ridiculous postures. On leading her to her seat he remarked: "I am afraid, madame, that her horse has not so much a dancing herself as in making my others dance."

—A youth in St. Louis became so indignant because a celebrated girl took a milk-bath, that he went to the river, waded out and chopped off his head, and afterwards threw his body into the river. Some think the young man has been heard of. His friends fear he has committed suicide. We shouldn't wonder if he has heard. People have clogs—if not heads are very apt to be.

—"Now see if it can't agree with your stomach. The tree will not grow if you don't eat it."

—At Saltfleet, Canada, a young woman who had been married to a man for the space of four long years is little purpose, got sick of that sort of fun, and married a man comparatively a stranger, after only a few days' courtship. Her two sons and stood her in breach of promise. They were engaged to be married. On the wedding under their jackets, removed a cocked hat of several hats right.

—The annual income of each person in England is nearly five cents a day; in Ireland, eight; in Russia, three cents; and in the most industrious States, it is forty, and, taking the whole nation, seventeen.

—The Rochester mad case of nothing we have recently known, is that of a person in Rochester, who was arrested for stealing a pair of pants at Plymouth, on the 22nd inst. He replied that he was not going forty miles to attend a criminal case in honor of the pair of pants of foreigners.

—The first mortal wound that the devil inflicts is the cool admission that the baser motives are always preferred to the nobler;" in a word virtue and science, if it did come from the middle of a romantic love story, in a popular magazine, would be voted a bore.

—Vanity is so constantly solicitous of self, that, even when its own claims are not indirectly, it indirectly exalts the interest it shows in showing how little praise is deserved by others.

—A busy bonnet chap who wishes to sell his tatoo, advertises it as follows:—For sale, by a lovely lady, with a fringe of golden hair, a dozen and very fond of travelling—having visited New York once and Boston twice.

—Brooklyn, a little girl of St. Louis, while playing with some hands, got one of them into her mouth in an effort to get out. She could not. A surgeon of that city, by the name of Hamilton, was called in, and found that the hand in by a tea-spoon; and the consequence was that she died a few days afterwards in violent paroxysms.

—Another victim of the Sandwich Island fever has been sent from Spring, to the Worcester Asylum.

—In the Constitution of the Sandwich Islands the first article reads as follows:—The is our Land forever." The article was shall be enacted which is at variance with the spirit of the Declaration of Rights, and the fundamental spirit of Han wood. All laws of the Island shall be in consistency with the general spirit of their laws."—See Wilke's Narrative, page 32, Vol. IV. Here is the "Higher Law" boldly proclaimed as the fundamental law of the land.

—BUCKLE'S SCOTIA.—It is stated in the London Athenæum that Mr. E. Buttery Lytton has entered into arrangements with Routledge & Co., the publishers, by which he receives from them £30,000 for the privilege of reprinting his works for ten years.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS POST ARE ENTIRELY ORIGINAL FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$2.50 if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms at Clubs, to be paid in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - $6.00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - $12.00 "
12 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - $18,00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - $25,00 "

AMENDING TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money for one name to the POST, and wishing names to it at the same rate, provided the Club is not filled when their subscription to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, and at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible for each of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW AGENT.—We solicit the co-operation of any friend who may have no collecting agent in his town. We will send him a specimen copy, and please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office they wish it be-after sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters will exert themselves and get up large Clubs. or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our low terms for Clubs, they will still oblige our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

THE COMING YEAR.

As we omit our Prospectus this week, owing to the pressure of commercial matter, in our Ad., upon our columns, we may simply re-state the leading features for the coming year, for the benefit of strangers who may chance to see this number of our paper.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth. Emerson Bennett.
Grace Greenwood. Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

In our first paper of January next—whether "The Lost Heiress" shall or shall not be concluded at that time—we shall commence the publication of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS,

Written expressly for the Post, by Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola." "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c.

This we design following by another novelet called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By Mrs. Mary A. Denison, author of "Home Scenes and Home Hearts," "Forest Exile," &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

By FANNY FERN.

We expect to receive contributions likewise by Fanny Fern—as well as the series by Grace Greenwood—in the early numbers of the coming year.

Ned Buntline, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain his old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:
OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of novelists and sketches—we have made arrangements for a series of letters from Washington, and correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM HAVANA, by Mrs. HENRIETTA Irvington, of the Southern States, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. Mr. Denison, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some interesting descriptions of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, Commercial Reports, &c., &c., will be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in making a request of old friends of the Post, and in soliciting a continuance of their favors. We have received from our correspondents in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to secure to us that during the next year, which to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are assured now not to be satisfied.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. D. We know nothing about the Rev. Mr. ——, probably the S. A. would tell you about it.

Mrs. E. S. H. Your lines are very good, but we cannot find room for them. Many thanks for your favor.

Mrs. C. H. Your communication was received, but by some accident we have mislaid it. Please send it again.

Mrs. E. Your favor is received, and we will attend to your request.

Mrs. E. Your favor is received, and we will attend to your request.

Mrs. E. Your favor is received, and we will attend to your request

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1853.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 19th, Mr. Bright offered a resolution, which was adopted, altering the rules by changing the number of members of the principal committees from five to seven members.

Mr. Bright also submitted a list of the standing committees, which was adopted. The following are the principal committees. The first named is Chairman:

On Foreign Relations—Messrs Mason, Dodge, Iowa, Shall, Clayton, Walker, Sumner.

On Finance—Messrs. Hunter, Bright, Gwin, Clayton, Dodge, Iowa.

On Commerce, Judiciary, Foreign Trade, Messrs. Bayard, Mallory, Toucey, Seward, Cass, Pratt.

On Military Affairs—Messrs. Jones, Fitch, Fish, Butler, Dixon.

On Public Lands—Messrs. Dodge, of Iowa, Stuart, Johnson, Fest, Walker, Clayton.

Mr. Norris gave notice of his intention to offer a bill to end the State of Nicaragua.

Mr. Bright presented the petition asking for the establishment of a cheap rate of Ocean Postage.

Mr. Cass submitted a resolution calling for the production in connection with the correspondence, if any, of the Government with the Court of the United States, &c., in relation to the treaty of Washington, of 1850, with Great Britain.

Mr. Dodge offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to report the number of persons employed in the Coast Survey, the amount of compensation received by each, and the amount of contingent expenses.

Mr. Bright offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to report the number of persons employed in the Coast Survey, the amount of compensation received by each, and the amount of contingent expenses.

Mr. Adams offered a resolution directing the printing of the report of the Superintendent of Commerce on the subject of the sketch of Vice President King. Adopted.

Mr. Weller presented resolutions and memorials of public meetings of merchants of the city of New York, and others, in favor of the bill for the relief of Duncan Phyfe, deceased. Referred to the Committee on Claims.

Mr. Bayard presented a memorial of citizens of Delaware, praying for the passage of the Reciprocity Emancipation, relative to the removal of Cuban Coolies to Cuba, and of the importation of Coolies into the States. The resolutions denounce the act of the Secretary of State in this matter as unworthy of a despotism, and deserving only the unqualified condemnation of the people of the United States.

Mr. Dixon introduced a bill granting lands to California, to aid in the construction of a railroad to connect the waters navigable for purposes of the mail-steamers between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Referred to the Committee of Public Lands.

Mr. Bayard introduced a bill providing for the establishment of a branch mint at Wilmington, Delaware. Referred to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, introduced a bill granting a homestead to settlers on public lands, and providing for the extinguishment of the Indian title thereto. Referred to the Committee of Public Lands.

Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, introduced a bill granting a homestead to settlers on public lands, and providing for the extinguishment of the Indian title thereto. Referred to the Committee of Public Lands.

Mr. Bright introduced a bill granting a homestead to settlers on public lands, and providing for the extinguishment of the Indian title thereto. Referred to the Committee of Public Lands.

Mr. Bright introduced a bill granting a homestead to settlers on public lands, and providing for the extinguishment of the Indian title thereto. Referred to the Committee of Public Lands.

Mr. Weller introduced a bill extending the time for the location of the bounty land warrants issued under the act of March 3, 1847. Referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Weller introduced a bill granting a homestead to settlers on public lands, and providing for the extinguishment of the Indian title thereto. Referred to the Committee of

Selected Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE DANUBE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

No! no! they shall not have it—
The proud, the perfidious Kaul!
Although it gain the glorious prize,
They'll dye it red with blood.
They shall not have the Danube—
Through Cleo or Kalarasch!
With ten times fifty thousand men,
To count is no sign!
They shall not have the Danube—
Nor source, nor course, nor sea!
They shall not, shall not have it—
Legions of them shall die!

If oath is vain, like cowards,
We let them now, and take
And yield them all that once we had,
Yet Peace or Mercy's sake.
What then? will clear coffee them?
The Danube's fair and free.
But as not Water and the Kine,
And as to Father Rhine
They shall not have the Danube—
Nor source, nor course, nor sea!
They shall not, shall not have it—
The broad, the strong the free!

Well stop them at the threshold—
The better now than then.
And show them what a strength there lies
In sons of honest men.
We'll yield them not an step
By Danube's rolling tide;
And each Cossack and the Cross
Will rue the rightful side.
No, no! they shall not have it—
Nor source, nor course, nor sea!
They shall not have the Danube—
The broad, the strong the free!

Selected Articles.

THE OLD CIDER MILL AND THE THIEF.

The following is an extract from "Country Margins," a series of articles which appear from time to time in the "Albany State Register:"

"However, let to pause over it, and take it down slowly, as the boys do the puppies in the orchard."

There are memories that come clustering about those "here," those "puppies," and the "orchard." Do you remember the old Cider Mill, friend Margins, and the old horse, as he travelled round and round, meeting with a slow and dignified tread, "hitched" to the long lever that turned the wooden mill that crushed the apples into pomatto? Do you remember the great "cheese" in its bandage of straw beneath the press, and how, when the great screws were turned in the massive, gallows-shaped frame, the rich juice of the apples came gushing out and coursing into the great tub placed to receive it? Do you remember how, when a mere, shy urchin, as they came along on their way home from school, filled them fuller with sweet cider from the long of the barrel? Do you remember how, in the long winter nights you sat around the fire-place between huge wooden logs, and the jubilee of cider, and the platter of doughnuts were placed on the old cherry table that sat out in the middle of the kitchen, and how you helped yourself to the cider and the doughnuts, and how happy each one was, as he and with his mother sang of home in one hand and doughnut in the other, before that old-fashioned kitchen fire-place? Those were pleasant times, but they are memories now. And then the apple, pumpkin, or "boss," as they were called, when the young men and maidens came together to pare apples, and tell and laugh and play old-fashioned plays, and say soft things to one another, and eat pumpkin pies, and be happy after the fashion of the country people when you and I were young. Primitive times those were, friend Margins, and our grand daughters and grandsons would turn up their noses longer than were they to be present at an old-fashioned apple-bee, such as they used to have out in old Dutchess, when the country was new, and the fashions were primitive."

We remember, when we were young, there was a lucrative tree in our father's orchard which bore choice winter apples. It was called the big tree, because it was the largest in the orchard. The fruit of this tree was always left until the last, and was gathered with great care. There was a worthless fellow living in the neighborhood, who one year coveted a portion of the fruit on the "big tree," and was not deterred from his acquisition by the divine command not to steal. Then stole not steal." A quantity of the apples disappeared one night, and the tracks of whoever stole them had a strong resemblance to those made by the heelless boots of our delinquent neighbor. There were two inseparable friends on the old homestead in those early days: the one a "colored gentleman," by the name of Shadrach, who came to our father's possession in payment for a debt, and who ran away regularly two or three times a year, and then as regularly ran back again, just as his master began to indulge the hope that he had got rid of him for good. The other was a growling, half mastiff and half bull, of a noble presence and fearless courage—"Ester" and "Shadrach" were inseparable. They worked and played together, slept together, in the same loft, and Shadrach never ate a meal while the dog lived, at least at home, without sharing it with his canine friend. He would talk will "Ester" for hours, when they were alone, and although he didn't say much himself, yet "Shadrach" said a great many things, and God does'nt argued out a great many queer propositions, suppose when "Ester" showed a want of dissent.

One chilly night in October, Shadrach and Ester had been out along the cornfields on a transcendental coon hunt. On their return, the dog dashed off through the orchard, and in a minute or two commenced barking, and Shadrach, of course, supposed he had treed a coon as one of the first issue. Now, Shadrach had an abiding faith in spiritual manifestations, and stood in mystical awe of the gentleman in black, and all manner of spooks in general. Upon arriving at the "big tree," by the foot of which Ester sat, and looking up among the branches he saw there in the darkness a great black object, with something too white to seem of like a striking sheet in its hand. Shadrach's hair began to unroot as he looked, and fallowing a moment's reflection, he concluded that the old Nick himself had come after him. He would fall will "Ester" for hours, when they were alone, and although he didn't say much himself, yet "Shadrach" said a great many things, and God does'nt argued out a great many queer propositions, suppose when "Ester" showed a want of dissent.

"Mass, massa! Ister got de debbil in de big apple tree!"

"What is that, you woolly-pated rascal?" replied his master.

"Ister got de debbil treed in de big apple tree," repeated the negro.

A scrub was lighted, and upon going into the orchard, there was Shadrach's master under the tree, with a bag half filled with the coveted fruit. Ester had not heard a word to him, but after giving Shadrach certain directions, started quietly to the house. Old Shadrach laid his jacket down at the roots of the apple tree, and ordering Ester to watch it, said to the sergeant at the bag,

"Look hee, you brack tief, you coop down, and I'll come and beat off wunst more. Ugly dog dat. Ise a white tief up like a coon. Ise no coon up dere like turkey. Tain' nah."

Shadrach rose to his feet, and laid about him quickly now! When the day broke, there was the tired in the tree, and there was Ester watching him. When the sun rose they were there. The negro gave Ester his breakfast, and let him his jacket at the tree in the tree, to watch for father and the "boys," of whom we were one, went to hunting corn in the orchard. Ester's cheek came, and there was the dog at the roots, and the man perched among the branches of the "big apple tree." The hero remained for dinner, and when we returned the tree was there still. The tired called homeward to our father to allow him to come down.

"Well!" was the reply, "why don't you come down?"

"That infernal dog will eat me up if I do," said the thief.

"Very likely," was the calm rejoinder, and we went on hunting the coon. Once or twice the occupant of the apple tree, after shaking and fastening the dog, attempted to descend but Ester's irony scented him of his peril, and he went back to his perch. There came on another hunter among in such contraries all the day as was the coon. Yah! yah! he would break out in ancient-dislike conversation, then roll and holler, and rub! yah! among the surrender until you could hear him a half-mile. The sun went down behind the hills, and there was still the thief and the dog. We all began to be supper, and in the twilight of the evening to pity to the famished and frightened caitiff, the dog was withdrawn, and he was permitted to climb away home. He never stole apples again, or anything else from our father, while "Ester" and old "Shadrach" remained on the farm.

[P.S. Whiskey-drinking never contributed wealth into a man's pocket, happiness to his family, or respectability to his character—therefore, whiskey is a non-accumulator, and it is best to let it alone.

THE HORSES OF THE SAHARA.

The French General Daumas, director of affairs in Algeria, has just published an interesting and original work on the Horses of the African desert, in which he gives all the experiences of Abd-el-Kader and other Arab chiefs, as well as his own. The following extract from his work is a summary of this work, from which the following passages are translated:

The horse of the true breed (Seurh) has his origin somewhere amongst the Arabs of the desert like the date tree. According to his age he bears a different name. He is called poulain, and then he is called Hadjeur, if he never drinks without looking at his master, and so as to hunt by an understanding like from the crump to the head, the flexible crupper; then he is called Hadjeur, if he never shakes himself, paws the ground, neighs when a food be'ardjeu is offered to him, which he begins to eat without ever breathing it three or four times. It is of the horse of this kind that Arabs say, "Give him barley and abuse him." If a horse neighs with joy at the sight of an enemy and seems to salute, with graceful movements of his head, the green tree and the flowing waters;